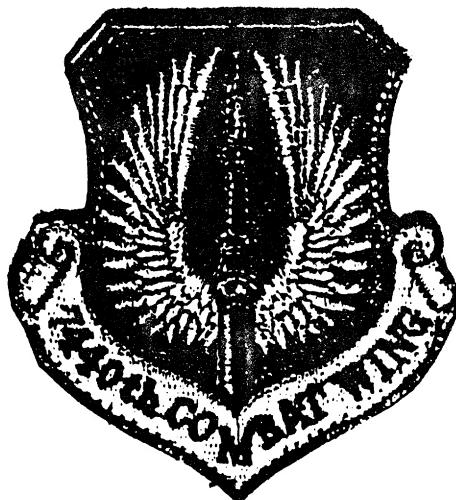


MR 8124

7440TH COMBAT SONG BOOK INCIRLIK AB, TURKEY

17 JAN - 28 FEB 1991



23TFS, 38TRS, 525TFS, 32TFG, 612TFS, 79TFS, 55TFS,
42ECS, 43ECS, 192SOG, 804ARW, 7SOS, 21SOS, 67SOS,
552AWACW

The Saga Of PROVEN FORCE by ORCA (sung to the tune of John Brown's Body)

The summer of ninety ended like so many had before
We dreamed of high per diem as we fought a low threat war
Tactics was a whimper while the training squares would roar
But there ain't no beans no more....

(CHORUS)

Glory, glory we have finally got a war
Glory, Glory it was all we asked and more
Saddam is just a pussy and his mother is a whore
And there ain't no beans no more

We loaded up the Viper's with two tons of falling death
Strapped missiles on the Eagles, put their radars to the test
Put HARMS up on the Rhinos, and wished them all the best
Cause there ain't no beans no more

(CHORUS)

We launched so many fighters that the sky was black with jets
The Frisbees and the tankers all paid off their peacetime debts
The crew chiefs cheered and shouted as the Colonels placed their bets
But there ain't no beans no more

(CHORUS)

The Raven boys were heroes as they threw their TRONs around
SAM's began a flyin' so we called the Weasels down
Radars were exploding with each MAGNUM they would pound
And there ain't no beans no more

(CHORUS)

The Varks killed them in Kirkuk and we blasted Mosul town
If they launched a couple fighters we would shoot a couple down
Then we'd head off to the O'Club and we'd drink another round
Cause there ain't no beans no more

(CHORUS)

STANDARDIZED BREVITY CODES

We are sorely lacking in standardized brevity codes to be used when TDY to an alien O'Club. The following concise and standardized transmissions will be used by all fighter jocks when maneuvering south of the brass foot rail:

AUTONOMOUS INTERCEPT..Rolling in on a chick while wearing a TDY nametag.

BINGO.....Your beer is empty.

BREAK.....Aggressive maneuver to be used when you've got a pig at 6 and closing.

BANDIT.....Unescorted female.

BUGOUT.....Last ditch maneuver to be used if the BREAK was unsuccessful.

BULLSEYE.....The only female at the Incirlik bar.

CHEAP SHOT.....A glass of Ol' Redeye on the rocks.

CHECK FUEL.....Shake your beer can, say status.

CONTACT.....She gazes up into your glazed eyes.

CONTACT LOST.....You breathed on her.

CORNER VELOCITY.....The maximum speed at which you can run 'em without your wife finding out.

ENGAGED.....What she thinks she is if you give her your squadron patch.

FOX I.....The first good looking female at the bar.

FOX II.....The second good looking female at the bar.

FOX III.....N/A at active units.

GRAPE.....A blind, deaf 82 year old paraplegic who's hot to trot.

IN.....Engaged fighter jock in hot pursuit; implies that free fighter jock either support or get the hell out of the way.

JINKOUT.....Required maneuver when spouse sneaks into deep 6 unobserved.

KNOCK IT OFF.....Call made by BANDIT when she thinks the engagement has gone far enough. COMM OUT signal is a well placed knee.

SHACK.....Result of a well placed knee.

ON THE DECK.....Crawling up to the barstool.

ON TOP.....One of two choices a BANDIT has for terminating an engagement.

PIREP.....A lie just told in the bar by the jock most recently RTB'd from TDY.

REATTACK.....When you are unsuccessful on your first attack and there's nothing better in sight.

SCISSORS.....A series of quick, clever statements designed to negate the BANDIT's defensive maneuvering.

SNAP SHOT....."Hi, I fly jets. How do you like me so far?" (Often followed by a KNOCK IT OFF).

ZIPPER.....A major defensive threat to an inebriated fighter jock. Can be overcome with a cooperative BANDIT, or by Flipping and tearing.

I DON'T WANT TO GO TO WAR

I don't want to join the Air Force
I don't want to go to war
I'd rather hang around Picadilly Underground
living off the earnings of a high class lady

I don't want an aphid up the asshole
I don't want my body shot away
I'd rather stay in England
In merry merry England
and fornicate my fucking life away -oh blimey

On Monday I touched her on the ankle
On Tuesday I touched her on the knee
On Wednesday I confess I lifted up her dress
On Thursday I just masturbated
On Friday I put my hand upon it
On Saturday she gave my balls a tweak -tweak,tweak
And on Sunday after supper
I rammed my bugger up her
And now I get it seven days a week -oh blimey

chorus:

I don't want to go to Saudi
I don't want to go to Daharan
I'd rather cop a feel down at the Wagon Wheel
Getting really loaded on cold draft beer

I don't mind fighting the Iraqis
I don't even mind a little flack -flack,flack
But when I fly my sorties
Down through Happy Fucking Valley
I'd rather have a beer when I get back -Budwiser

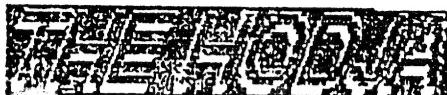
Monday we're drinking at King George's
Tuesday we're sipping at the Palms
Wednesday if we feel we're at the Wagon Wheel
Thursday we just get drunk at home
On Friday we're pounding at the O'club
On Saturdays its Martinis by the pool
But on Sundays we will render
with Tequila and a blender
Margaritas that could kill a fucking mule -Joe Cuervo

chorus

Six o'clock zulu, I was just in the middle of my pass,
 I was droppin bombs in Mosul, trying hard not to bust my ass,
 But I can't be high, cause then I won't see the ragheads run,
 These are the days when the Mosulites aren't having much fun,
 It's just another Mosul Monday,
 Wish it was Sunday, cause that's Key West Day,
 Our bombs and brunch day, it's just another Mosul Monday.

Have to catch the early tank, got to hit the border by noon
 And if I wait for MAGIC, I sure wouldn't get there too soon,
 Cause it takes them so long just to figure out the primary freq.
 Blame it on the frag, but the package gets the Mozam-beak.
 Just another Mosul Monday,
 Wish it was Sunday, cause that's our Brunch Day,
 Not much triple A, it's just another Mosul Monday...

All of our jets, why did I have to pick the DBAL queen to fly,
 Doesn't matter that I'm just a lieutenant with my hair on fire,
 TC tells me in his pissed off voice, come on Wretch, let's go woodshed victor.
 War, it goes so fast, when you're dropping bombs,
 Just another Mosul Monday,
 Wish it was Sunday, cause that's our Brunch Day,
 The ragheads better run away, it's just another Mosul Monday.
 Wish it was Sunday, cause that's Key West Day,
 It's just another Mosul Monday.....



DON'T WORRY BE HAPPY

When you go to Iraq,
You will see lots of flak.

Chorus:
Don't worry
Be happy

When you go to Happy Valley,
Make sure you don't dilly dally.

Chorus

When you go to sweet Mosul,
You'll see a little of Danti's Hell.

Chorus

Erbil's not the place to be,
Cause they always shoot at me.

Chorus

When you bomb old Kirkuk,
You better make sure your burners cook.

Chorus

We dropped some bombs on old Baji,
It now ceases to be the biggest refinery.

Chorus

I took a trip to Baghdad,
Felt a little like I've been had.

Chorus

PERSIAN GULF
(Beverly Hillbillies)

Come and listen to my story
About a man named Achmed.
A poor raghead,
Barley kept his family fed.

Then one day he was plowing the plains,
And up from the slime
Came a man named Hussein.

Saddam, that is - Real Asshole!
Crazy man!

Well, the first thing you know,
Our jets are overthere.
Georgy says,
"Lets get'em from the air!"
He says 'The Persian Gulf
Is the place you oughtta be!'
So we loaded up the jets,
And we went to Taji!

Baghdad that is - Nothing left!
Lots of triple A - but what the hell!

(As applied to the 23rd TFS Wild Weasels)

FLYERS

Cess and Mooman were ~~_____~~, they used to fly the F-4
They flew weasel flights out of Incirlik, and they flew many
missions down south

They were regular fellows,
But somewhere they went wrong (chorus)

The guys in the squadron watched closely, how they held hands
round the Q
But nobody took an exception, 'till Mooman bought a pink
flightsuit

(Chorus)

The group commander said "hold it", something queer going on
around here
But they said they were just good buddies, that's why they
drank with two straws from one beer

(Chorus)

Our heros walked out to their Phantom, the troops gave them
hollers' and hoots
Cause they carried their maps in their pocket books and wore
high heeled jungle boots

They had rhinestone helmets,
Yea, we know they went wrong

Our heros climbed up in their Phantom, threw their
pocketbooks in the backseat
Buckled up in the front together, singing gayly ain't this
sweet

Blew a kiss to the crew chief,
And blasted into the air

They flew south just north of Kirkuk, the flak and triple A
it was fierce
They got hit over Happy Valley, and hit Van Lake blowin' in
each others ears

Now you can still see the bubbles,
And it's been nearly a year

Now they were good clean fighter jockeys, but the pressure
must have gotten to them
Don't go the same way brother, keep your back seater at arms
length

(Chorus)

DEAR MOM

Knock Knock

Who's there?

Telegram Man.

A telegram for me?

Yes Ma'am.

Can you sing it?

No, I don't sing telegrams.

Oh please, I've never received a singing telegram.

Ma'am you really don't want me to sing this telegram.

Oh please, I'll give you a big tip.

Okay.....

Dear Mom, your son is dead, he bought the farm today.
He crashed his OV-10 on Ho Chi Mihn's Highway,
It was a rocket pass, and then he busted his ass
mmmm, mmmm, mmmmm.

He went across the fence to see what he could see,
And there it was, just as plain as it could be.
There was a truck on the road, with a big heavy load,
mmmm, mmmm, mmmmm.

He got right on the horn, and gave the DASC a call,
"Send me some air, for I've got a truck that's stalled."
And Bowlegs said, "That's all right, I'll send you () flight.
For I am the power."

The fighters checked right in, gunfighters two by two,
Low on gas and tanker overdue.
They asked the FAC to mark, just where that truck was parked.
mmmm, mmmm, mmmmm.

The Bronc, he rolled right in, with his smoke to mark,
exactly where that fucking truck was parked,
And the rest is in doubt, because he never pulled out.
mmmm, mmmm, mmmmm.

This time with reverence.

Dear Mom you son is dead, he bought the farm today,
He crashed his OV-10 on Ho Chi Mihn's Highway.
He made a rocket pass, and then he busted his ass.
HIM, HIM, FUCK HIM!

How did he go? STRAIGHT IN!

What was he doing? THREE HUNDRED AND FIFTY-ONE!

Hell of a deal...

Cock sucker motherfucker, eat a bag of shit!

Cunt hair, douche bag, bite your mother's tit!

We're the best Combat Wing, all the others suck!

Northern Front, Northern Front, rah, rah, fuck!

THE FIREMAN

My father is a fireman... He puts out fires.
My brother is a fireman, too...He puts out fires.
My sister Sal is a fireman's gal...She puts out, too.
(without her pants on)

I LOVE MY WIFE

I love my wife, yes I do, yes I do, I love her truly.
I love the hole...that she pisses through.
I love her ruby red lips, and her lily white tits,
and the hair around her asshole.
I'd eat her shit, gobble gobble chomp chomp, with a rusty spoon
(with a rusty spoon).

I FUCKED A DEAD WHORE BY THE ROADSIDE

I fucked a dead whore by the roadside,
I knew right away she was dead,
The skin was all gone from her tummy,
The hair was all gone from her head.

And as I lay down beside her,
I knew I'd committed a sin,
So I pressed my lips to her sweet pussy,
And sucked out the wad I'd shot in.
Sucked out, sucked out,
I sucked out the wad I'd shot in.

BEASTIALITY

Chorus:
Beastiality's great, mate, beastiality's great! (fuck a wallaby!)
Beastiality's great, mate, beastiality's great!
Let me tell ya 'bout it!

Shove your log in a dog, mate! Shove your dog in a log!
Shove your log in a dog, mate! Shove your dog in a log!
Let me tell ya 'bout it!
(Chorus)

In the twat of a cat, mate!...
Sixty-nine with a porcupine...
Use your tool in a mule, mate!...
Go fuck a duck, mate!...
Shoot your load in a toad, mate!...
A piece of tail from a baby whale...
Stick your tool up a kangaroo... !

THE BALLS OF O'LEAREY

The balls of O'Learey are wrinkled and hairy
They're shapely and stately, like the dome of St. Paul
The women all muster to see that great cluster
Oh, they stand and they stare at the bloody red pair
of O'Learey's balls

ADELINE SCHMIDT

There once was a lady named Adeline Schmidt
Who went to the doctor cause she could not shit.
He gave her some medicine all wrapped up in glass
And up went the window and out went her ass!

Chorus:

It was brown, brown shit all around.
It was brown, brown shit all around.
It was brown, brown shit all around.
The whole world was covered with Shit, Shit, Shit!

A handsome young copper was walking his beat,
And happened to be on that side of the street.
He looked up so handsome he looked up so shy,
And a big shit hit him right in the eye!

WILD WEASELS

We are dirty bastards
Skum of the earth
Filth of creation
Mother fuckin son of a bitchin fornicators
Known in every whore house
Smoke, drink and screw
We are the Wild Weasels
so fuck you

HIGHLAND BALL

Four and twenty virgins came down from Inverness,
And when the ball was over, there were four and twenty less!

Chorus:
Singin' balls to your partner, ass against the wall,
If you've never been laid on a Saturday night,
You've never been laid at all.

The village parson, he was there, Dressed up in his shroud,
Swingin' from the chandelier, and pissin' on the crowd.
(Chorus)

The person's wife, she was there, Keepin' 'em all in fits,
Jumpin' off the mantlepiece, and bouncing off her tits.
(Chorus)

The village whore, she was there, A sittin' on the floor,
And every time she spread her legs the suction closed the door.
(Chorus)

The bride was in the kitchen, explainin' to the groom,
The vagina, not the rectum, is the entrance to the womb.
(Chorus)

The groom was in the bedroom, explainin' to the bride,
That the penis, not the scrotum, is the part that goes inside.
(Chorus)

First lady forward, and the second lady back,
The third lady's finger up the fourth lady's crack.
(Chorus)

The village cripple, he was there, but he could not do much,
He lined them up against the wall and fucked 'em with his crutch.
(Chorus)

The village idiot, he was there, and in the corner he sat,
Amusin' himself and abusin' himself, and catchin' it in his hat.
(Chorus)

Little Johnny, he was there, actin' quite the fool,
Pullin' his foreskin over his head, and whistlin' through his
tool. (Chorus)

Oh, little Tommy, he was there, he was only eight,
He was too young to join the fun, so he had to masturbate.
(Chorus)

'There was friggin' in the hallway, and friggin' on the stairs,
You couldn't see the carpet for the mass of curly hairs.
(Chorus)

The village cobbler, he was there, with his hammer and his awls,
Awaiting all the ladies with the great size of his balls.
(Chorus)

There was friggin' in the hayloft, friggin' in the ricks,
You couldn't hear the music for the swishin' of the pricks.
(Chorus)

(Mandatory last verse)
And when the ball was over, all that you could see,
Was four and twenty maidens, hangin' from a tree!

Balls to your partner, ass against the wall,
If you've never been laid on a Saturday night, you've never
been laid at all.

BEER, BEER, BEER, BEER

Chorus:

Beer, Beer, Beer, Beer,
Beer, Beer, Beer, Beer,

Drunk last night, drunk the night before.

Gonna get drunk tonight like I've never been drunk before!
'Cause when I'm drunk, I'm as happy as can be, 'cause we're
all part of the Bulldog Family.

Oh, the Bulldog family, is the best family, that ever came over
from old Germany.

There's the Highland Bulldogs, and the Lowland Bulldogs,
The Amsterdam Bulldogs, and the other damned Bulldogs!

Sing glorious, victorious! One keg of beer for the four of us!
Singing glory be to God that there are no more of us,

'Cause one of us could drink it all alone-

Damn near, pass the beer, to rear, of the squadron.

Oh, there are no fighter pilots in the States (in the States),
Oh, there are no fighter pilots in the States (in the States),
Oh, they're all on foreign shores, makin' mothers outta whores,
Oh, there are no fighter pilots in the States!

(Chorus)

You can tell a navigator by his ass (by his ass),
You can tell a navigator by his ass (by his ass),
Oh, it's forty inches wide, gettin' wider every ride,
You can tell a navigator by his ass!

(Chorus)

A bomber pilot's life is but a farce,
A bomber pilot's life is but a farce,
With the autopilot on, readin' Playboys on the john,
A bomber pilot's life is but a farce!

(Chorus)

There are no fighter pilots down in hell,
There are no fighter pilots down in hell,
The place is full of queers, navigators, bombardiers.
There are no fighter pilots down in hell.

(Chorus)

Oh there are no fighter pilots in Iraq
Oh there are no fighter pilots in Iraq
Cause they've all flown to Iran
Or taken a heater up the can
Oh there are no fighter pilots in Iraq
(Chorus)

Oh there are no fighter pilots up in wing
Oh there are no fighter pilots up in wing
The place is full of brass, sitting around on their fat ass
Oh there are no fighter pilots up in wing

BARNACLE BILL

(Girly Voice)

Who's that knocking at my door?
Who's that knocking at my door?
Who's that knocking at my door?
Said the fair young maiden.

(Manly voice)

It's only me and I come from the sea!
Said Barnacle Bill, the sailor.
It's only me and I come from the sea!
Said Barnacle Bill, the sailor.

(Maiden) Who will take me to the dance?

(Bill) To hell with the dance and down with your pants!

(Maiden) What's that thing between your legs?

(Bill) It's only me pole to stick in your hole!

(Maiden) What's that stuff around your pole?

(Bill) It's only me grass to tickle your ass!

(Maiden) What's that dripping down your leg?

(Bill) It's only the shot that missed your twat!

(Maiden) What if Ma and Pa should come home early?

(Bill) Well, I'll fuck your ma and blow your Pa!

(Maiden) What if we should have a boy?

(Bill) Well, he'll go to the sea and fuck like me!

(Maiden) What if we should have a girl?

(Bill) Well, I'll dig a ditch and bury the bitch!

(Maiden) What if we should have twins?

(Bill) Well, I'll open your crack and shove 'em right back!

SAMMY SMALL

Oh, my name is Sammy Small...Fuck 'em all.
Oh, my name is Sammy Small...Fuck 'em all.
Oh, my name is Sammy Small, and I've only got one ball,
But that's better than none at all.
So Fuck 'em all!

Oh, they say I shot a man...Fuck 'em all.
Oh, they say I shot a man...Fuck 'em all.
Oh, they say I shot him dead, with a piece of fucking lead.
Now the silly fucker's dead,
So fuck 'em all!

Oh, they say I'm gonna swing...Fuck 'em all.
Oh, they say I'm gonna swing...Fuck 'em all.
Oh, they say I'm gonna swing, from a piece of fucking string,
What a silly fucking thing.
Fuck 'em all!

Oh, the parson, he will come...Fuck 'em all.
Oh, the parson, he will come...Fuck 'em all.
Oh, the parson, he will come, with his tales of Kingdom Come.
He can shove it up his bum.
Fuck 'em all!

Oh, the Sheriff will be there too...Fuck 'em all.
Oh, the Sheriff will be there too...Fuck 'em all.
Oh, the Sheriff will be there too, with his silly fucking crew.
They've got fuck-all else to do.
Fuck 'em all.

Oh, they say I greased the rope...Fuck 'em all.
Oh, they say I greased the rope...Fuck 'em all.
Oh, they say I greased the rope, with a piece of fucking soap.
What a silly fucking joke.
Fuck 'em all!

(with reverence)

I saw Molly in the Crowd...Fuck 'em all.
I saw Molly in the Crowd...Fuck 'em all.
I saw Molly in the Crowd, and I felt so fucking proud,
That I shouted right out loud,
"Fuck 'em all!"

THE S&M MAN

Who can take two ice picks,
Stick 'em in her ears.
Ride her like a Harley
While you fuck her up the rear

Chorus:

The S&M Man, The S&M Man,
The S&M Man cause he mixes it with love
And makes the hurt feel good.

Who can take a chain saw,
Whack off all her limbs.
Throw her in the ocean
And watch her try to swim.

Chorus

Who can take one ice pick,
Stick it in her ear.
Sit back and watch her bleed to death
While you have another beer.

Chorus

Who can take a lady,
Throw her in the road.
Shove a grenade up her cunt
And watch the bitch explode.

Chorus

Who can take a bicycle,
Remove the seat.
Make your grandmother ride it
Down a bumpy ole street.

Chorus

Who can take two jumper cables,
Connect 'em to her tits.
Start up the engine
And electrify the bitch.

Chorus

Who can take a pregnant lady,
Throw her on the bed.
Fuck her in the pussy
While the fetus gives you head.

Chorus

Who can take a baby,
Throw him on the bed.
Fuck him in the soft spot
In the middle of his head.

Chorus

Who can take a baby,
Spread its little thighs.
Fuck it all night
Till the little bastard cries.

Chorus

AI, YI, YI, YI

Chorus:

AI, YI, YI, YI, Fighter Pilots eat pussy.
So let's hear another verse
That's worse than the other verse,
And waltz me around by my willie!

There once was a man from Boston
Who drove a little red Austin.
There was room for his ass and a gallon of gas,
But his balls hung out, and he lost 'em!
(Chorus)

There once was a man from Kent
Whose dick was so long that it bent.
To save himself trouble, he stuck it in double,
And instead of coming, he went.
(Chorus)

There once was a man from Nantucket
Whose dick was so long he could suck it.
He said, with a grin, as he wiped off his chin,
"If my ear was a cunt, I could fuck it!"
(Chorus)

There once was a girl named Alice,
Who used a dynamite stick for a phallus.
They found her vagina in North Carolina,
And bits of her tits down in Dallas.
(Chorus)

There once was a man from Orleans
Who played the jack-off machines.
On the ninety-ninth stroke, the goddam thing broke,
And beat his balls to cream!
(Chorus)

There was an old hermit named Dave
Who kept a dead whore in his cave.
She was minus one tit, and smelled quite a bit,
But think of the money he saved!
(Chorus)

There once was a girl from Llewellyn
Who everyone there knew as Helen,
Who, while trying to please, spread a social disease,
From New York to the Straights of Magellan!
(Chorus)

There once was a man from Glass
Whose balls were made out of brass.
When he rubbed them together, they played "Stormy Weather,"
And lightning shot out of his ass!
(Chorus)

There once was a whore from the Azores
Whose cunt had incredible siph. sores.
The dogs in the street used to eat the green meat
She hung in festoons from her drawers!
(Chorus)

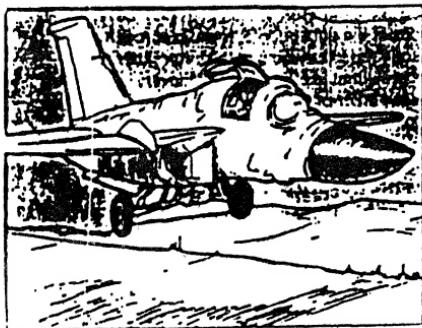
There once was a man from Vancouver
Who thought he knew every maneuver,
Till a girl from Van Neyes gave him a rise
With the aid of a portable Hoover!

(Alternate Choruses:)

... Your mother swims after the troopships (and catches them!)
... Your brother jacks-off in confession (and likes it!)
... Your sister does squat-thrusts on fireplugs (and likes it!)
... Your mother licks cum stains off bedsheets (and likes it!)
... Your cousin just butt-fucked my collie (and liked it!)
... Your brother eats batshit off cave walls (and likes it!)
... Your mother sucks farts from dead seagulls (and likes it!)
... Your sister blows goats for a quarter (and likes it!)
... Your brother refills cream donuts (and eats them)

OPERATION DESERT STORM
ESCAPE AND EVASION KIT POINTY-TALKY

1. AKBAR KHALI KILI HAFTIR LOTFAN.
Thank you for showing me your marvelous gun's butt.
2. FEKR GABUL CARDAN DAVAT PAEH GUSH DIVAR.
I am delighted to accept your kind invitation to lie down on the floor with my arms above my head and my legs apart.
3. SHOMAEH FEKR TAMOMEH OEH GOFTEH BANDE.
I agree with everything you have ever said or thought in your life.
4. AUTO ARRAREGH DAVATEMAN MANO SEPAH HAST.
It is exceptionally kind of you to allow me to travel in the trunk of your car.
5. FASHAL EH TUPEHMEH NA DEGAT MANO GAFTAM CHEESYEH MOHEMARA.
If you will do me the kindness of not harming my genital appendages, I will gladly reciprocate by betraying my country in public.
6. KHERAL JEPAMEH MANEH VAJKLI AMRIKAHEY - ANKA PETER ARNETT.
I will tell you the names and addresses of many American spies travelling as reporters - like Peter Arnett.
7. BALLI, BALLI, BALLI !!
Whatever you say buddy!!
8. MATERNIER GHERMEZ AHLIEH, GHORBAN.
The red blindfold would be lovely, thankyou.
9. TIKEH NUNEA BA OBES KHRELLAH BEZORG. VA KHRUBE BOYAST INO.
The water soaked bread crumbs are delicious, thank you. I must have the recipe.
10. ARCHEYH, OKRBAH!! ANKAH KHALLA TOSEYAH BODESH TOOKLA BADESAN, MOSEH YELLAH POSEPAH.
Fuck you, Raghead! My buddies bombed your country into the stoneage, now I'm going home!



A FIGHTER PILOT/WSO
as seen by:

Headquarters: A drunken, brawling, jeep-stealing, woman-corrupting liar with a big watch, survival knife and an unauthorized hat.

His Commander: A fine specimen of a drunken, brawling, jeep-stealing, woman-corrupting liar with a big watch, survival knife and unauthorized hat.

His wife/girlfriend: A stinking, gross, crude, foul-mouthed bum who arrives home every 2 or 3 months with a bag of dirty flight suits, a huge ugly watch, a knife, a filthy old hat, and a hard-on.

Himself: A stout, handsome, highly trained, professional killer. A female idol who carries a finely honed survival knife, is covered by a fine desert-camouflaged hat and is always on time due to the reliability of his Rolex watch.

Department of Defense: An over-paid, over-rated tax burden who is indisposible since he will volunteer to go anywhere as long as he can drink, brawl, steal jeeps, corrupt women, lie, sing dirty songs and wear filthy flight suits, survival knives, Rolex watches and unauthorized hats.

7440th COMBAT SONG BOOK

Dedicated in the spirit of all fighter jocks, living and dead, especially those who have been shot at.

CONTENTS

STANDARDIZED BREVITY CODES.....	3
THE SAGA OF PROVEN FORCE.....	4
MOSUL MONDAY.....	5
I DON'T WANT TO GO TO WAR.....	6
PERSIAN GULF.....	7
DON'T WORRY, BE HAPPY.....	8
DEAR MOM.....	9
FRANKIE AND JOHNNY.....	10
THE BALLS OF O'LEAREY.....	11
ADELINE SCHMIDT.....	11
WILD WEASELS.....	11
THE FIREMAN.....	12
I LOVE MY WIFE.....	12
I FUCKED A DEAD WHORE.....	12
BEASTIALITY.....	12
BEER, BEER, BEER, BEER.....	13
HIGHLAND BALL.....	14
SAMMY SMALL.....	15
BARNACLE BILL.....	16
AI, YI, YI, YI.....	17
THE S&M MAN.....	18

"If you have to have a real job, this isn't a bad one to have.
-Jimmy Buffett